

Good Morning 700

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Patsy Woke Up the Dead to Score 6



Great little "Patsy" Hendren in action.

"A GREAT player—and what past George's head. He didn't wag! There'll never be say a word—just looked with another like him in cricket." mock seriousness at the bowler.

I have heard this said of several prominent figures, and basically, however, he walked out to the in every case, it was true. Cricket, wicket wearing a speedway rider's although meant to be taken seriously crash helmet! This he later ously, does not lose anything by a handed to the umpire, who had to player being humorous; and in hold the heavy thing until tea-the years before the present war time!

I have had cause to laugh at many of the wags who have followed the calling of a professional cricketer.

Remember George Brown, the Hampshire and England wicket-keeper-batsman? Now, George was a great funster; really enjoyed every minute of his cricketing life, at the same time making everyone else see the funny side of things.

On one occasion, when an England team was touring India,

AWAKE THE DEAD.

It was during a West Indies tour that Patsy had one of his most amusing experiences. At Georgetown, in great form, Hendren got underneath one loose ball and lifted it clean out of the ground through the window of a house opposite.

There came a moan from behind Patsy, and turning he saw the dark-skinned wicket-keeper turning almost white!

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you feel well?"

For a moment the stumper just looked at him. Then he said: "You know what you did? You knock ball in house where dead man lying. You wake him up!"

Pat, for once, was too surprised to say anything!

Another of Hendren's stories

When one particularly serious-looking native took his stance at M.C.C. team to Jamaica. An the wicket Brown thought he'd amateur aboard always enjoyed ice have a little harmless fun. He in his glass after a meal. Some was a first-class imitator, and as days before the boat was due at the batsman settled down for Jamaica the negro steward served the first ball Brown nipped his him up with a drink which had no leg—and then let out a dog-like ice in it.

The Indian fairly leapt out of and received the answer: "Ain't his skin—and his wicket went got no more ice, boss."

For a moment the amateur was silent, then drawing a note when the joke was explained to from his pocket he said: "Here, the batsman he joined in the maybe this'll help you find some ice. Do you think you can?"

Once Brown was playing for Hampshire against Notts when the then promised to do his best. The pitch was very hard. The result Ice duly appeared in the amateur's was that fast balls kept swishing glass, and this went on until the

last day of the trip, with occasional "refreshers" from the cricketer's wallet going into the steward's pocket.

At last the glass appeared with no ice in, and when the steward was requested for ice he nearly sobbed out: "No more ice, boss. If you have any more ice the body will sure decompose!"

Patsy Hendren, the little man with the big personality, will always be remembered for his humour, as will another little man, "Tich" Freeman. The wizard wee bowler from Kent used to do many little things which made spectators laugh. He'd walk out with 6ft. 5in. Frank Woolley, to start with. Then he might rub the ball or hitch up his trousers. In fact, "Tich" had many little stunts which gave the crowd a laugh.

But what the spectators and his opponents did not know was that he was signalling to Leslie Ames behind the stumps. Between them these two worked out a system of signals which enabled Ames to know which kind of ball Freeman was going to send down.

A hitch of the trousers, for instance, meant a googly. By this method Ames and Freeman secured hundreds of victims—without their opponents being aware of the signals!

"Tiger" Smith, the Warwickshire and England stumper, was another great funster, who, when he retired from the game, left behind him a reputation which to will never die.

"Tiger" was always fond of telling true stories, and one of his best concerned a lady follower of stories of this never-to-be-for-Warwickshire County Cricket Club. gotten figure are legion, but one She came up to Smith during a luncheon interval and said: "Is it true that Mr. Parsons is really a clergyman?"

"Yes, madam," replied "Tiger." "But how and when does he prepare his sermons for Sunday?" went on the lady.

The "Tiger," sensing a long and endless conversation, put paid to everything by saying: "When he was fielding in the slips—until we tumbled to it and shifted him!"

It is a remarkable thing that a large number of the great funsters of cricket—men who "Happen Only Once"—were wicket-keepers.

Ted Brooks, who "kept" for Surrey when Bert Strudwick gave up the game, was one of the most amusing characters the County has ever produced. Ted was always worth a laugh to listen to—and on the field his "sallies" always brought forth a smile, especially among the visitors.

On one occasion South Africa were playing at the Oval. A hot sun beat down upon the pitch, and the batsmen were having a wonderful time, Mitchell and

Rowan, the opening pair, putting nearly three hundred on the board. Alf. Gover, the big-hearted fast bowler, put everything into his efforts, but it was in vain.

At the completion of one of Gover's overs a lorry passing the ground suddenly back-fired, and Brooks, turning to Gover, grunted: "That was No. 3. He's shot himself because he can't get in to bat on such a perfect wicket!"

HEAD WORK.

On one occasion the Oval wit had the tables turned on him—by his young son! Surrey and Middlesex were fighting for victory, and with Brooks and Gover together a few were still required by Surrey.

When Jim Smith, the big Middlesex fast bowler, made one rise sharply, Brooks ducked and it caught him on the back of the head. Like a boxer given the K.O. he collapsed—but when the players gathered round him Ted was on his feet in a shot saying: "I'm all right."

The next ball he received was sent to the boundary. So was the following delivery—and Surrey had won.

As Brooks entered the pavilion his son called out: "Dad, that crack on the head did you a bit of good, didn't it?" Even Ted, as he fingered the lump, had later agreed.

George Duckworth, the Lancashire and England wicketkeeper, was another comedian. The best concerned a lady follower of stories of this never-to-be-for-Warwickshire County Cricket Club. gotten figure are legion, but one She came up to Smith during a luncheon interval and said: "Is it true that Mr. Parsons is really a clergyman?"

A close match had developed, and a batsman who had done great things for his County and England was due to take his place at the crease. He had a habit of getting nervous, and when he walked up the wicket he looked as white as a sheet.

"Ducky," who could never resist a wisecrack, greeted him with: "Hello, Jim. Been to Brighton for the day!"

Such men, with their humour, who also played cricket well, are never likely to be forgotten.

JOHN ALLEN relates some of the humour of cricket in his series "They Only Happen Once."

George, together with several of his Test Match comrades, was invited to play against a native eleven. George, as usual, took up his position behind the stumps.

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"I am sending the newspapers as usual every week, as well as the song-hits you have mentioned in your letters, you must have quite a collection by now. Good luck, Stoker, hope you like the picture."

Your Letter said R.S.V.P. HEBENTON REPLIES...

FIRST letter to-day comes from E.A. Eric Yates, of Shalimar, who says that "many an egg has been dropped on the mess table at breakfast-time through some extra special effort on the part of a pin-up girl coming to light." Now, just what do you mean, Eric? Our pin-ups are wonderful, we know. Nothing is any effort to them.

Seriously, though, I'm glad you like Shop Talk and the family stories, and I hope you have noted a difference in the middle pages since we changed the make-up.

You interest me with your reference to "The Seagull Times." And I'd like to see a copy sometime.

THIS is for A.B. J. B. Campbell, who didn't know that such long-legged beauties as Kay Kendall were bred nowadays. The proof is in the post, and I hope she doesn't take your breath away.

SORRY I wasn't able to get you any films, S.P.O. Tug Wilson. I know how much you wanted to get pictures of "Unrivalled's crew, but I know you realise how difficult it is to get films of that size now.

FROM Leading Seamen W. A. Curtis and W. H. N. Martin of "Trident," comes a beautifully typed letter, written "on behalf of the crew," quoting a report from an American newspaper quoted by the "Daily Mirror."

Knoxville (Tennessee) "Journal" urged the United States to buy England, Scotland and Wales outright, raze to the ground everything standing, and transport the entire population to Canada to ensure the world a "few hundred years without war or bloodshed."

Comments the "Mirror": "We've still got a sense of humour."

I feel that Messrs. Curtis and Martin, on reflection, should have the same amusement from the report as it gave to others. And there the matter can rest!

FROM A.B. Rupert Harrison on "Spiteful" comes a suggestion that we should appoint a representative of "Good Morning" on each boat to report to us how the paper goes down with the crew.

I have spoken to the Editor on the subject, Rupert, and we have agreed that it would be a big job for us to appoint somebody from a submarine crew unknown to us to act as our representative.

Our only contact with you is when you write or when we get around to see you at the depot ships. But if you like to appoint one of your number to forward your views on to us, we will be only too glad to hear from him.

Let's hear from you some time on the subject.

The Eyes Light Up for Sto. A. W. Hatchards

MRS. Irene Hatchards, wife of Leading Stoker A. W. Hatchards, was very excited when I called at her temporary home at Craigie Avenue, Dundee, writes "Good Morning's" Woman Reporter.

She had just returned from her war work looking a little exhausted, but as soon as I mentioned "Good Morning" her eyes lit up and she laughed with a most attractive lilt of her voice.

Mrs. Hatchards told me her husband had spoken highly of the submarine paper, and hoped one day a representative would call upon her and get a photograph and story.

"Every evening on my return from work," runs her message, "I settle down to write your letters, which I hope you are receiving pretty regularly."

Mr. Bucket Makes an Arrest

IT is the old girl's birthday; and that is the greatest holiday girl shall do nothing all day long and reddest-letter day in Mr. Bucket's calendar. The auspicious event is always commemorated according to certain forms, settled and prescribed by Mr. Bucket some years since.

Mr. Bucket, being deeply convinced that to have a pair of fowls for dinner is to attain the highest pitch of imperial luxury, invariably goes forth himself very early in the morning of this day to buy a pair; he is, as invariably, taken in by the vendor, and installed in the possession of the oldest inhabitants of any coop in Europe.

Returning with these triumphs of toughness tied up in a clean blue and white cotton handkerchief of the poultry; and Mrs. Bucket, (essential to the arrangements), he in a casual manner invites Mrs. Bucket to declare at breakfast what she would like for dinner.

Mrs. Bucket, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying, Fowls, Mr. Bucket instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst general amazement and rejoicing.

wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face as they make mistakes.

"At half-after one," says Mr. Bucket, "to the minute, they'll be done." Mrs. Bucket, with anguish, beholds one of them at a stand-still before the fire, and beginning to burn.

"You shall have a dinner, old girl," says Mr. Bucket. "Fit for a queen."

By Charles Dickens

Mrs. Bucket shows her white teeth cheerfully, but to the perception of her son betrays so much on the face of spirit that he is impelled by the dictates of affection to ask her, with his eyes, what is the matter?—thus standing, with the least hope of a return to consciousness.

Fortunately, his elder sister perceives the cause of the agitation in Mrs. Bucket's breast, and with an admonitory poke recalls him.

The stopped fowls going round again, Mrs. Bucket closes her eyes in the intensity of her relief.

"George will look us up," says Mr. Bucket, "at half-after four. To the moment. How many years, old girl, has George looked us up, this afternoon?"

"Ah, Lignum, Lignum, as many as make an old woman of a young one, I begin to think. Just about must be free, or he wouldn't be that, and no less," returns Mrs. Bucket, laughing and shaking her head.

"Old girl," says Mr. Bucket, "Never mind. You'd be as young as ever you was, if you wasn't younger. Which you are, as every body knows."

It is not for us to tell you that there was no creator of fiction like Charles Dickens. He may remain a ghostly figure to us, but his character creations are real. Mr. Bucket, the agreeable police officer, was a type of the old Bow street runners. We present him at the apex of his career, straight from the romance of "Bleak House."

Quebec and Malta here exclaim, with clapping of hands, that Bluffy is sure to bring mother something, and begin to speculate on what it will be.

"Do you know, Lignum," says Mrs. Bucket, casting a glance at the tablecloth, and winking "Salt!" at Malta with her right eye, and shaking the pepper away to ask her, with his eyes, what is the matter?—thus standing, with the least hope of a return to consciousness.

"George," returns Mr. Bucket, "will never desert and leave his old comrade in the lurch. Don't trouble of his, I believe he would be off."

"No, Lignum. No. I don't say he will. I don't think he will. But if he could get over this money trouble of his, I believe he would be off."

"Well," returns his wife, considering, "George seems to me to be getting not a little impatient as make an old woman of a young one, I begin to think. Just about must be free, or he wouldn't be that, and no less," returns Mrs. Bucket, laughing and shaking her head.

"He's extra-drilled," says Mr. Bucket, "by a lawyer, who would put the devil out."

"There's something in that," his wife assents; "but so it is, Lignum."

Further conversation is prevented, for the time, by the necessity under which Mr. Bucket finds himself of directing the whole force of his mind to the dinner, which is a little endangered by the drying of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the made-gravy acquiring no flavour, and turning out of a flaxen complexion.

With a similar perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks in the process of peeling, upheaving from their centres in every direction, as if they were subject to earthquakes.

The legs of the fowls, too, are extremely scaly. Overcoming these disadvantages to the best of his ability, Mr. Bucket at last dishes, and they sit down at table; Mrs. Bucket occupying the guest's place at his right hand.

It is well for the old girl that she has but one birthday in a year, for two such indulgences in poultry might be injurious. Every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess, is developed in these specimens in the singular form of guitar-strings.

Their limbs appear to have struck roots into their breasts and bodies, as aged trees strike roots into the earth.

Their legs are so hard, as to encourage the idea that they must have devoted the greater part of their long and arduous lives to pedestrian exercise, and the walking of matches.

But Mr. Bucket, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bucket eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared, the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard.

The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pottens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present.

The same causes lead to a confusion of tongues, a clattering of crockery, a rattling of tin mugs, a whisking of brooms, and an expenditure of water, all in excess;

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A weem is a baby under one year old, small animal, underground dwelling, a handloom?
2. How many chains are there in one furlong?
3. How should you play a piece of music marked "largo"?
4. How should you pronounce the town of Bosham?

5. Of what are bows made (for archery)?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 312, 432, 261, 453, 132, 687, 576.

Answers to Quiz in No. 699

1. Plantain.
2. English cwt. equals 112lbs.; U.S.A. cwt. equals 100lbs.
3. Quickly.
4. (a) Be-mont, (b) Bo-mont.
5. Earthenware.
6. Milk is an animal product; others aren't.

The Things People Do

SEAMAN Carl W. Svendsen, attached to the U.S. naval operations base at Key West, Florida, is a lucky chap—one should think.

Never once since he joined up has his girl friend, Miss Helen Dickerson, of Baltimore, Maryland, forgotten to write and post him a four-page letter.

But the other day she ran over the four pages. Her pen gaily scamped over pages five, six, seven . . . and so on, until when her fountain pen gave out she found she had filled one hundred and four sheets of paper.

She posted that, too. Carl, with the weightiest correspondence of any man in the U.S. Navy, may be wondering whether, maybe . . . well, if a girl writes that length does she have the same amount of small talk?

THERE'S nothing like having a job for life—it takes your mind off things. It looks as though Mr. Raymond Smith has got it.

Mr. Smith is curator of the London Guildhall library. He has been there, first as clerk, since 1908. When the fire bombs fell in 1940, most of the Guildhall went up in flames. The fire was stopped almost exactly half-way across the great chamber where the principal library was housed.

What wasn't destroyed by fire was ruined by water. In all, about 25,000 books were lost.

Even in the store-room beneath the Library, books were drenched in their shelves by water leaking through the floor, and froze into blocks of ice.

Well, Mr. Smith has set out to build the Library up again. So far he has received between 4,000 and 5,000 volumes from individual members of the public.

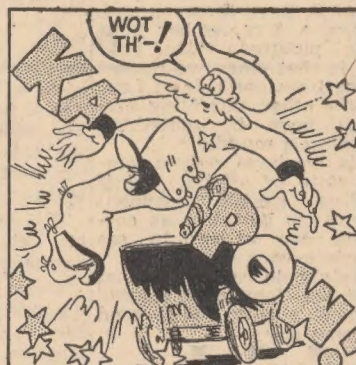
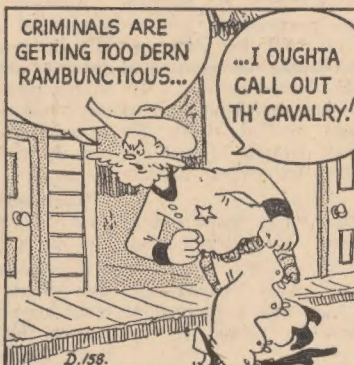
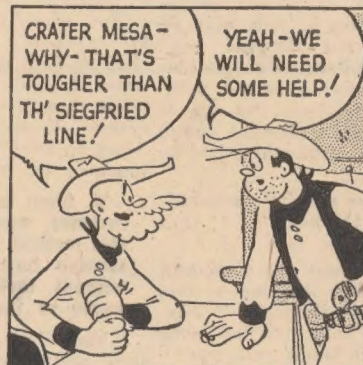
But Mr. Smith won't be content till the Library has been completely restored, on its old site. He's not so young as he was, but he hopes to get it done in his lifetime.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Edmund Mutch, of Huntly's Cave, Morayshire, gets a taxi ride free every morning. He lives four miles from the nearest school and the roads are too rough and steep for him to walk all that way there and back.

So as the fare-clock ticks up the thrupences, Edmund lolls back in his seat with a big smile on his face. The bill—some £2 12s. 6d. a week—is paid by the County Education Committee.

When he rolls up to the school gates, the other lads don't envy him—Mutch!

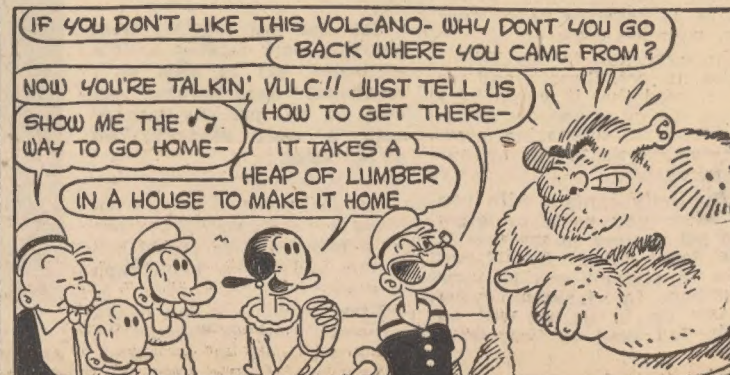
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

1. Behead a punctuation mark and get a sleeper.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Icaotaucemyowabsece,cal?
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MEAT into STEW.
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He drank too much — stout. and — his copy-book.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 639

1. S-till.
2. There is an unusual muddle in uncle's study.
3. MAKE, bake, bane, band, bend, MEND.
4. Brutes, tubers.

JANE



Mr. Bucket Makes an Arrest

(Continued from Page 2)

"I didn't know I looked white," says the trooper, passing his hand over his brow, and I didn't know moving a spectacle for Mrs. Bagnet I looked shocked, and I'm sorry to look upon, with the calmness I do."

"I should have roused up in a minute," continues the trooper, making himself speak more gaily, "but you're so quick, Mrs. Bagnet."

"You're right! The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "is as quick as powder."

"And, what's more, she's the subject of the day, and we'll stick to her," cries Mr. George. "See here, I have brought a little brooch along with me. It's a poor thing, you know, but it's a keepsake. That's all the good it is, Mrs. Bagnet."

Mr. George produces his present, which is greeted with admiring leavings and clappings by the young family, and with a species of reverential admiration by Mr. Bagnet.

"George," says Mr. Bagnet, "tell the old girl what's the matter."

"Old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "tell him my opinion of it."

"Why, it's a wonder, George!" Mrs. Bagnet exclaims. "It's the beautifullest thing that ever was seen!"

"Good!" says Mr. Bagnet. "My opinion."

"It's so pretty, George," cries Mrs. Bagnet, turning it on all sides and holding it out at arm's length, "that it seems too choice for me."

"Bad!" says Mr. Bagnet. "Not my opinion."

"But whatever it is, a hundred thousand thanks, old fellow," says Mrs. Bagnet, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her hand stretched out to him; "and though I have been a cross-grained soldier's wife to you sometimes, George, we are as strong friends, I am sure, in reality, as ever can be. Now you shall fasten it on yourself, for good luck, if you will, George."

The children close up to see it done, and Mr. Bagnet looks over young Woolwich's head to see it done, with an interest so maturely

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you the name of the Derby winner which Steve Donoghue rode many years ago.

- To diminish gradually.
- Oxygen augments by electric influence.
- Bashful.

- A humped animal.
 - To choose.
 - Relating to right or wrong.
 - A mat made of rope.
- (Solution to-morrow).

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

wooden, yet so pleasantly childish, that Mrs. Bagnet cannot help laughing in her airy way, and saying, "O Lignum, Lignum, what a precious old chap you are!"

But the trooper fails to fasten the brooch. His hand shakes, he is nervous, and it falls off.

"Would any one believe this?" says he, catching it as it drops, and looking round. I am so out of sorts that I bungle at an easy job like this!"

(More to-morrow)



Jack Greenall Says :
Ain't Nature Wonderful !

THE ARMADILLO.

THE Armadillo is not everyone's cup of tea. He eats putrid remains. In Paraguay he is common. To my mind, anyone eating putrid remains is common anywhere.

In appearance he'd pass for a small tank. His face is not worth writing home about. This animal can tuck his head under his chest, and anyone seeing him eating putrid remains would, I think, follow suit.

The flesh of the Armadillo is rank and strong. This should be no news to you by now. Sunlight sadly bewilders the Armadillo, the Armadillo in turn bewilders me.

Armadillos have six or eight youngsters at a time. Stewth! What with these and the putrid remains, the whole joint must stink to high heaven.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

RAFFIA HELP
ANIL BAILEE
IGNITES BAR
NO PITPROPS
RAPT SEW I
CAGE VERA
R ARM WIDE
EPISODES MC
WIN ORBITAL
ENSURE TODO
LETS WASTED

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12		
13						14		
15				16	17		18	
		19	20			21		
22	23		24				25	26
	27	28					29	
30			31				32	33
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40							41	

RUGGLES



GARTH



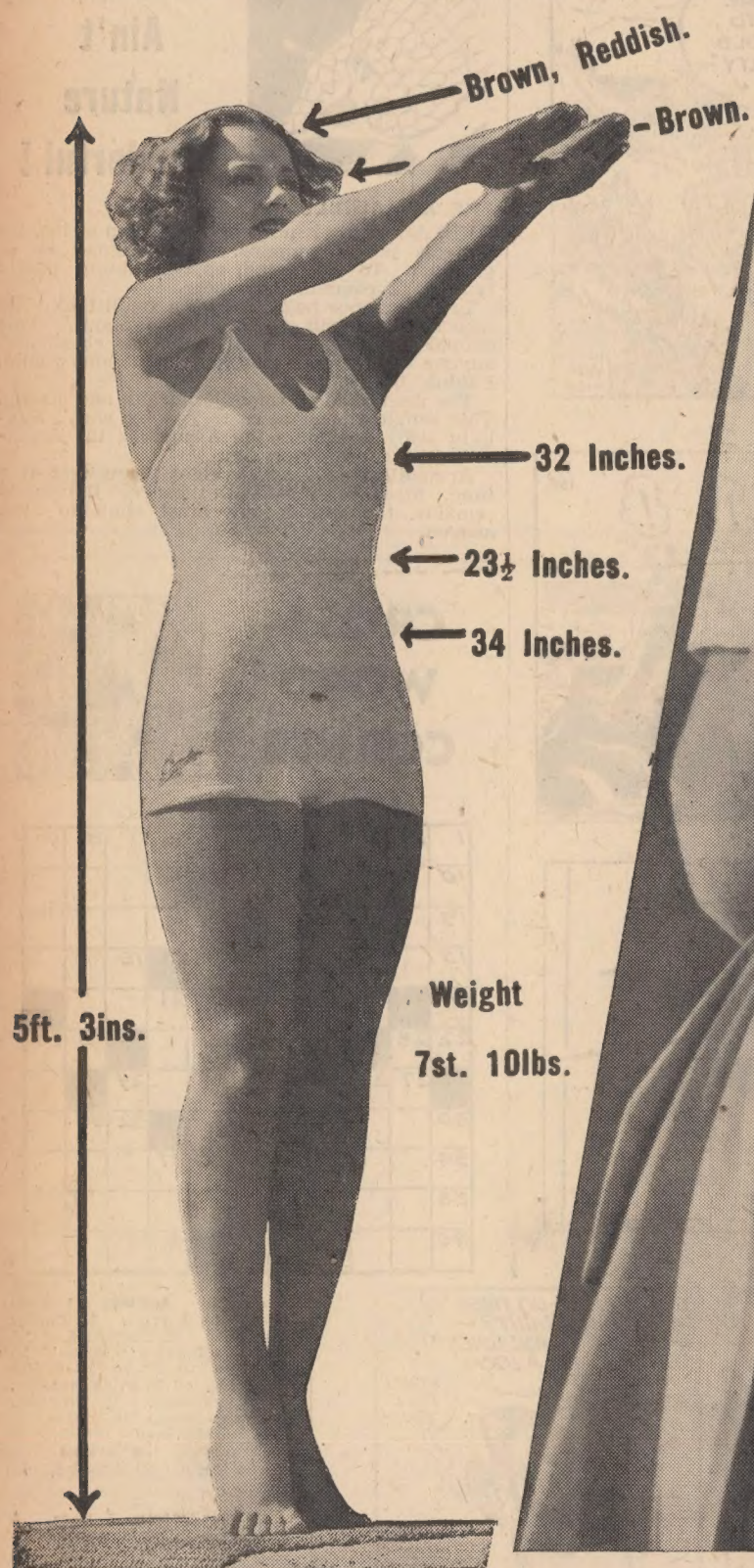
JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Close tight. 5 Fruit. 10 Cotton material. 12 Proceeded. 13 Apart. 14 Put. 15 Cereal. 16 Negative. 18 Crude. 19 Ordinary notes. 22 Printing measure. 24 Wild animal. 25 Pronoun. 27 Components. 30 Fodder. 31 Before. 32 Seed. 34 Giants. 36 Eat away. 38 Ireland. 39 Money-lender. 40 Abscond. 41 Lamb.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Rare. 2 Comfortable. 3 Stranger. 4 Covering. 5 Animation. 6 Pricking-tool. 7 Gem. 8 Realise. 9 Dinner dish. 11 French coins. 14 French mountains. 17 Boring-tool. 20 Consumed. 21 Skill. 23 Lean. 26 Skilful. 28 Poem. 29 Fern seed. 30 Loosened ground. 33 Notion. 35 Girl's name. 37 Drink. 39 Erect.

Good Morning



"GOOD MORNING" PROUDLY PRESENTS THE FACTS BEHIND THE PIN-UPS.

The first star the "G.M." sleuth investigated was Olivia de Havilland. Top left, shows how he snooped into the star's bathroom. "Nothing on her, there," he announced. Below left, he gives the figures. Our other picture shows the star herself, who mutters—through her straw—"my figure speaks for itself." Exit sleuth!